

July
At Sea - August 26, 1846.

My Dear Wife:

22

The world is wide, and it has many places of attraction, and there are many good people in it; but, to me, there is no place so dear as my own cherished home, no one who has so large a share of my love as yourself, no objects so attractive as our beloved children. That I have consented to cross the Atlantic, and to be separated from you for the space of three or four months, is a proof, not that my love has abated in intensity - not that it is no cross for me to sojourn abroad - not that I am forgetful of the sacred claims which are binding upon me as a husband and a father - but that, to some extent, at least, and in a positive sense, I remember those who are in bonds as bound with them, and am willing to make in their behalf, real and large sacrifices. Situated as you are, with no mother or sister or friend with you - with five young children, needing continual guidance and watchfulness - and in ~~other~~ other respects requiring my special solicitude, and making my presence particularly desirable - I feel that you are signally manifesting the spirit of self-sacrifice in being willing to have me undertake my present mission, in accordance with my own convictions of duty, and the strong desires of the friends of emancipation, on both sides of the Atlantic. May Heaven preserve you and all our dear children, and enable me to return home in safety within the time allotted for my mission. It is not till I go far from you, that I begin to realize how essential is your presence to my happiness, and that I am aware of the measure of my love. I need no assurance from you, that you fully reciprocate all my feelings, and that your affection for me is strong and enduring.

Here we are on the wide ocean, the tenth day of our departure from Boston, and something like two thousand miles on our journey. During all this time, we have been surrounded with fog, so that we have not been able to take a single lunar observation - from Boston to Halifax - fog from Halifax to the Grand Banks - fog from the Grand Banks to Cape Race - fog for breakfast, fog for lunch, fog for dinner, fog for tea, and fog all night and all day. Of course, my brain is in a fog, my thoughts are foggy, and my letter will be very foggy. By the time you will receive this, I hope we shall have fair weather, and a clear sky.

Give my special remembrances to Mrs. and Miss. Priscilla. Tell Ellen that I have been delighted to see Ireland even at a distance. Give her my warm regards.

Fortunately, we have had no rough weather, the wind has been entirely in our favor, and quite gentle. We left Halifax on Monday morning last, with additional passengers, - not, however, without some slight apprehension as to our safety, in consequence of the damage done to the Britannia, by striking on a reef near Halifax. Two who came with us from Boston, - delegates to the World's Temperance Convention, - left us at Halifax, being afraid to proceed. With my usual caution, - for you know that I am a cautious man, - I hesitated, and hardly knew whether to proceed, or to return home. I felt that, while the danger was not imminent, there was some risk - and so did all the other passengers. On Tuesday, some alarm was created, by the discovery that the steamer was leaking considerably, and that the channel to the pumps was so obstructed, that the water could not be pumped out. To open this channel, it was necessary to remove a large quantity of coal; after which, by the aid of our engine, there was no difficulty in keeping the steamer free. Still, the fact that she is constantly leaking, and requiring the pump to be kept in continual operation, creates more or less uneasiness on board; and very thankful shall we be, when our voyage is ended, and we are ^{once} more safely on the land. Having been so long detained at Halifax, it is not probable that we shall be in Liverpool before the 31st instant, or the first of August - though some are sanguine enough to think we shall arrive by the 30th inst. You know my great aversion to the sea, and it is greatly increased by the present trip. I dislike the confinement - the company is not such as I should prefer - to write, costs me many painful efforts - I take no pleasure in reading, for my brain is in a whirl; and though I have been sea-sick for only two or three days, I have felt disposed to keep to my berth a large portion of my time, rather than to be on deck; consequently, the hours have passed away as with wings of lead, and each day has seemed almost interminable. On retiring to rest at night, I have merely divested myself of my boots, coat, vest and collar, and, putting on my gown, laid down on the outside of the bed-clothes - with but two exceptions. Almost every night, I have been wholly indisposed to sleep; and, O! how long the night has been!

In the solitude and darkness, dear Helen, your image has been constantly before me; and all the eventful scenes through which we have passed, since we pledged to each other eternal love and fidelity, have successively and vividly presented themselves to my mind. The remembrances of the past are both sad and joyous. I have been carried back to the time when I first visited Brooklyn, and was welcomed in the dear family circle, and saw you in the freshness and simplicity of girlhood, and received the pure tokens of love at your hands. Alas! what changes have taken place in that sweet domestic circle, where the very peace of paradise seemed to prevail, as though it were never to have an end. Every thing was so tranquil, every thing so happy, there was nothing to suggest thoughts of mortality and decay. Frances died a few months before my acquaintance with you began; then how soon was our beloved Henry snatched from us in the bloom and spring-time of life! Almost immediately, your venerable sire was next called away. Next followed our beloved Mary, and then our never-to-be forgotten Anne, and then dear and excellent mother. The old homestead has passed into other hands, and Brooklyn has ceased to be a place of resort, almost a place of interest. I do not bring up these reminiscences to sadden your mind; but they have passed like images before the mirror of my memory, as I have been lying in my berth, unable to sleep, though it was time for profound repose. Almost twelve years have rolled away, since in marriage we two became one; and if beloved ones have been taken from us, kind Heaven has been pleased to crown our union with five dear children, who are still preserved to us. I have thought much of them, as well as of you. What do you think I discovered in the pocket of my gown, a day or two since? A pair of stockings belonging to our own and only pet daughter, Fanny! You should have seen me when I made the discovery — how I smiled, how I exulted, how I kissed and pressed to my heart the tiny little things! It was next to having her in my arms, and seeing her sweet face, and hearing her pleasant voice. I felt much concerned to hear what is the state of her health, and whether her complaint has been removed. If it has not, you should not suffer another moment to pass, without procuring the advice and aid of Dr. Guise.

Liverpool, July 31, 1845.

Your heart will leap to see, by this, that we have come safely to port. We arrived this afternoon at 3 o'clock, it being just 15 days since we left Boston. Had we not been detained by the accident at Halifax, we should have completed the voyage in 13 days. Nothing has occurred on our way, worthy of special notice. Since the 26th, we had tolerably clear weather, and a fair wind. All Liverpool is in a state of enthusiastic excitement, in consequence of the visit of Prince Albert, and so crowded that it is said that every hotel is ~~now~~ full to repletion, and several guineas, in some instances, ^{were} proffered for a night's lodging, with a slight entertainment. All the vessels in the port (an immense number) have colors flying at their mast-head, which present the gayest appearance I have ever seen. The attachment to royalty in this country borders closely on idolatry.

Helen Eliza Garrison,

Care of Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

25 Cornhill,

Boston, United States.

(Per steamer.)

L4C1

MS. A. 1.1.1. v. 4 p. 22

Who should I find at the dock, waiting for me, but those two beloved friends, Henry C. Wright and Richard D. Webb of Dublin? They have been in the city since Tuesday, every moment anxiously awaiting my arrival. I will not attempt to describe our interview. It was loving and affectionate, on both sides, of course. Great was their joy to see me. We went immediately to the Temperance Hotel in Blayton Square, where we shall remain till Monday morning, when we shall leave for London. — Monday evening, Aug. 3. It is now about 11 o'clock. I am in London, at the residence of dear George Thompson, who was at the depot on my arrival, and took bro. Wright and myself home. His wife and four of the children are now absent from the city — two are at home. His own mother is residing with George, and though in the 76th year of her age, is uncommonly sprightly and entertaining. He and H. C. W. send their cordial regards to you. But my sheet is full. Farewell, dearest! Yrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Give my special remembrances to Mrs. and Miss. Pringleaux. How comes on the card